

romantic talking? you don't even have to try by
stardustupinlights

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Summary:

He holds back a smirk, and presses himself up against Percy, chest against his arm. Any other man would've already wrapped that arm around his waist, but Percy remains frozen. Hm, that's so interesting. He can't decide if he's playing hard to get or just too captivated by him. It's happened before, for sure.

“You’re funny, Perseus. I’ve always appreciated that dry sense of humor,” Apollo chuckles, running a hand through Percy’s hair; he visibly swallows, lips parting. Oh, this is so sweet. Apollo takes his own drink and clinks it against Percy’s, raising an eyebrow at him. “Won’t you finish that? I got my favorite for you.”

Percy swallows again, wetting his lips as he glances down at the cocktail, nodding. “Yeah, yeah, I’ll—sounds good. So, uh, what... brings you here?”

Apollo hums, lets his eyes gleam. “Oh, I’m hunting.”

“Ah,” Percy lets out, his voice shaky. He clears his throat and downs half his glass in one go; Apollo raises his eyebrows at him, and watches him fidget, lowering his chin to his chest. He seems extremely flustered already, which is unexpected. “I—uh, okay. That’s... fun.”

For Perpollo Week, Day 4:

- Free day :)

Relationships: Apollo/Percy Jackson

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Author's Note:

are we horny yet ☹️

Apollo has this terrible, horrible, bad habit.

It is rather simple: whenever he's out hunting for the right body to bury himself in, he looks for the hardest bone to crack in the room. He'll go for the hunks, the doms, the overly '*straight*' guys overcompensating, and wrap them around his little finger until he has them bent over and begging for his cock. It's almost a sport, by this point, he has a radar. He'll walk into someplace, like he's doing right now at a random gay nightclub, sweep the place with his eyes, and find a target.

Today, he lands eyes on the one and only Percy Jackson, and he thanks his lucky stars, because this, oh *this*, he's been wanting to do for *ever*. Percy Jackson has the body of a twink and the attitude of a brat but Apollo can perfectly imagine the amount of ass this man has his way with when no one's looking. It's about the posturing, really, the way his years as a hero have made him oh so strong, so sharp.

He's already drooling.

But like every time this happens, Apollo has to start simple.

He puts on his brightest, friendliest smile, leans an elbow on the bar with his body turned towards Percy, and wraps his arm around his shoulder, pulling him in. "Percy Jackson!"

Percy was already jumping and turning at the sudden intrusion into his personal space, but once he recognizes him, his face morphs into a blank expression. "Ah, it's you."

"I'm happy to see how ecstatic you are to see me," Apollo nods, pulling him even closer with his arm. Percy squirms, looking like he wants him

pretty much gone; oh, he loves this part. Apollo leans in to talk into his ear, lips brushing against it. “What brings you here tonight?”

“Uh, I,” Percy blinks, looking up at him with confused, wide eyes. He gestures vaguely at the almost-finished cocktail sitting on the bar. “You know, alcohol and stuff.”

“And stuff,” Apollo repeats, winking. “Looking for a lady to take home? A guy? A non-gender conforming individual?”

Percy blushes extremely fast, eyes darting around as if anyone’s paying any attention to them. “What? I don’t—”

“Hey, there’s no shame in admitting it, Perseus,” Apollo chuckles darkly against his ear, and a delighted thrill goes through his body when Percy blushes even harder and shivers. “I would know, human desire is nothing to be ashamed of. Why else would a catch like you be out here all alone?”

He knew Percy would be like this; shy at first, hesitant, easy to overwhelm, but if there’s anything Apollo’s learned from him, it’s that you only have to find the right button to make him snap into place. And once he does, Apollo intends to break him.

“Um,” Percy lets out, blinking at him. “Was that a pun?”

Apollo genuinely laughs. Ah, Percy Jackson really is such a cutie. “Yeah, it was. May I buy you a drink?”

Percy starts protesting but Apollo is giving him no choice, calling over the bartender and making a show out of flirting with him as he orders another cocktail for Percy and one for himself. Percy looks, if possible, even more embarrassed, perhaps at being seen with him in a public space, but Apollo knows that if he truly wanted him to go, he would say so. And he, unfortunately, would only whine a little before complying. He’s not a *total* asshole. Just a horny one.

“Have you ever been told you’re annoying,” Percy deadpans at him, but he does little more than sigh with resignation as he takes the drink Apollo

hands him, looking like he's tired already. Oh, if this goes well, he has no idea how exhausted Apollo will leave him. "I can't imagine you going a day without hearing it."

"Very funny, Percy," Apollo flutters his eyelashes at him, throwing him a hurt look, the cutest he can express. Percy, to his delight, actually blushes. Gods, what a shy top. It's very much in character for what he knows of him, though. "You're right, indeed, though. Artemis has been saying it ever since we laid in the womb."

"I'm pretty sure Zeus was already thinking about it when he conceived you."

Apollo chokes with genuine laughter, loud, charming, melodious, floating through the air and breaking through the music around them like a clear bell. Percy stares up at him, throwing his head back as he laughs, with wide green eyes, and licks his lips.

He holds back a smirk, and presses himself up against Percy, chest against his arm. Any other man would've already wrapped that arm around his waist, but Percy remains frozen. Hm, that's so interesting. He can't decide if he's playing hard to get or just too captivated by him. It's happened before, for sure.

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fidget, lowering his chin to his chest. He seems extremely flustered already, which is unexpected. “I—uh, okay. That’s... fun.”

“I think it will be,” Apollo nods. He decides to start pushing, ditch the overly friendly, flirty, lighthearted act that is not his style at all, and grabs Percy’s chin with his fingers, bringing him in, making him look up. Percy’s breath catches. He makes sure to let his voice come out much more spontaneously, smoother, darker. “Care to dance with me, Percy?”

“I, uh,” Percy hesitates, but he is blushing so red so rapidly that he would fear for his health if he didn’t know better. “I can’t dance. I’m awful at it.”

“I can teach you,” Apollo suggests, and watches him down the other half of his drink. Holy shit. Well, not what he intended, but it might make it all easier. “It’s not hard. Besides, don’t you want some company?”

Percy’s indecisive expression melts away at that, and Apollo holds back another smirk. He does have a way with words, sometimes. “I... you sure? I’m embarrassingly bad.”

“No worries,” Apollo shakes his head, and takes Percy’s glass from his hand to drop it on the bar. Then he takes his hand and pulls him up, delighting in how he’s still taller. He starts pulling him towards the dance floor, and notices Percy’s apprehension towards the mass of people moving. He hums, stopping, and holds both his hands, leaning in to speak in his ear. “Just focus on me, Percy. It’s just us dancing. But if you get too claustrophobic, we can just find another quiet corner and have a few drinks.”

Percy looks up at him, with those big doe eyes, and nods. “Okay. I can try.”

Apollo smiles, sickeningly sweet. “Lovely.”

He makes Percy lead. This is part of his game, of course; let him think he’s in control of the physicality of this, let him get distracted by it. Apollo keeps his hands on Percy’s shoulders, only moving them to get him to hold his waist. Percy’s face feels hot from how red he is from up close, and he genuinely struggles with dancing, but that’s okay.

The song changes and Apollo hesitates only for a second, then decides it doesn't matter if Percy's shorter than him; he turns around and grinds back on his body, moving his hips in textbook-perfect dancing. This isn't his preferred method or even music for it, but it seems to do the trick because he hears Percy's breath catch behind him again.

His hands remain lost at his waist, so Apollo leans his head back so he'll hear him. "You can touch, honey. You know me, I'm always up for the taking."

Percy obeys, hesitantly moving his hands down his body; he grips his thighs, digging his nails in, and Apollo lets out an admittedly fake sound of encouragement. Percy doesn't seem to get it immediately though, because he stares down at Apollo's body, breathing heavily, before shaking his head and shrugging to himself, squeezing his thighs again. Apollo guesses he's probably a thigh guy, which he can relate to.

But he's impatient, for all his spiel about being the god of moderation and order, so he takes Percy's hands and runs them over his chest, letting him grope the abs, the pecs. Percy makes a soft sound behind him, and by now he's stopped trying to dance.

He considers the possibility that Percy's a virgin in regards to this in order to explain this behavior and almost has a stroke, because *fuck*, being the first to fuck Percy's ass open and have him drooling for cock would be *fantastic*. But he clears his head and decides to speed things up, tilting his head back again and turning it to the side to bite Percy's ear.

He earns a whimper. "C'mon, sweetheart, don't you want more of this?"

Once again, it's the right thing to say. Percy freezes up, and turns his head to stare at Apollo—and then he grips his hips and turns him around, only to go on his tiptoes to crash their lips together.

Percy tastes like salt, chocolate, alcohol, and victory. Apollo lets the kiss be chaste so Percy can lead, but he seems to be unable to do much else than press his tongue against his lips and slip it in, since it's barely a few seconds before he draws back and stares up at him, hands still on his hips.

“Can—can we get out of here?”

He doesn't need to hear that twice. He guides Percy all too happily to his car, not the sun chariot this time, but the same model from the first time he and Percy properly met. He sees his eyes running over it and he doesn't know how to feel about the fact that he seems more lustful of the car than he was when Apollo was grinding on him. But, it is a nice car.

“Wanna drive?” Apollo asks, since this is how it usually goes when the big guys he takes home like his shiny, expensive car. Percy's eyes widen. “Don't worry, I trust you not to scratch it—”

“Uh, no,” Percy presses his lips together and fidgets with the sleeve of his oversized hoodie, looking up at him through his eyelashes. Apollo stares, not knowing if he feels seduced or offended. Maybe both. But he definitely feels off his game; he doesn't get a response like this often, if at all. “You can drive. I, uh, I drank anyway.”

“Very well, then,” Apollo clears his throat.

It's starting to sink in, as they both get in the car and he drives them away, that things are not moving smoothly. Usually by this point he has guys wiggling their legs, breaking the speed limit, trying to grope him through his clothes from the driver's seat, saying whatever things about how they'll fuck him that Apollo internally rolls his eyes at.

Instead, he has Percy looking straight forward, quiet, or out the passenger side window, just occasionally humming along to the radio, or fidgeting, or pulling at his nails. It's... awkward, which is something he doesn't usually experience, either. He knew Percy was introverted and quiet, of course, but he never thought he was *this* shy.

Apollo goes through the night in his head, but he finds no mistake on his part. It's Percy who is being oddly responsive, yet not. He hates that the possibility that Percy isn't actually interested and is just indulging him rears from the back of his mind, hurting that insecure part of him and his pride, so he decides to just... make sure.

He takes Percy's hand, making him look at him. He shoots him a flirtatious smile. If he's correct, Percy's a thigh guy, so he guides Percy's hand towards his leg, lets it rest on top of his thigh, and makes him squeeze. He spreads his legs open.

Percy stares at him, as if confused, for several seconds. And then something snaps into focus, and his blank look turns into a glare. "Motherfucker, that's my routine!"

"Uh," Apollo tilts his head in confusion. "What?"

"What the fuck is happening?" Percy asks, gesturing at his hand on Apollo's thigh. He squeezes once, and narrows his eyes when he gets no response from him. "What is this?"

"I'm seducing you," Apollo explains. Percy frowns even harder, and crosses his arms. "What—what do you mean this is your routine?"

"The things you've been doing all night!" Percy pouts at him, which stirs all sorts of feelings for Apollo. Horny is at least seven of them. "It's the same things I do when I want to get fucked!"

Oh.

Oh, no. "You bottom?"

Percy shoots him a bewildered, genuinely offended look. "Have you *met* me?"

"I—" Apollo cuts himself off, looking at the road. He once again replays the night in his head. "Oh, shit. I fucked up."

"I knew you were acting weird," Percy huffs, his cheeks puffing just a little bit. Apollo drops his mouth open because that is, wow, not only adorable, but it makes him want to wrap a hand around his throat and pound him until he passes out. "Listen, I've been, uh, I've been thinking this whole time that you're kind of a weird top but I was willing to overlook it because I've been

dreaming about you since we *met*, you were kinda my gay awakening, but I don't really like topping—"

"I thought you were a weird top. And I don't really like bottoming," Apollo interrupts, and watches Percy's eyebrows raise. "I wasn't planning on bottoming tonight either. There's this thing I do—it's not exactly morally upstanding, but I enjoy picking guys that are overcompensating tops and making them choke for my dick. This routine is just what I do to get them to the place I want them in before I turn it around."

Percy scoffs. "You looked at me and decided I was a top?"

Apollo shakes his head. "Oh, no, baby, I looked at you and decided I wanted to break your back and give you a baby."

Percy remains silent for a little too long, so Apollo glances at him only to catch him blushing and biting his lip, looking down at his lap. He stares at him for a second, from the messy hair to the soft eyes trying to take sneaking glances at him, the hoodie and the red cheeks at such a simple comment.

Holy shit. Percy Jackson is a bottom. And he walked right up to him and tried to make him act like a top. He *grinded* on him. Fuck. Fuck. Apollo takes a sharp breath in and decides to park them down a random street, genuine anger flooding his system, because how could he be this blind? How could he be this fucking dumb? He didn't even analyze the situation, he went in on automatic.

He tried to do the same thing he does to any other random guy and even girls and in between to *Percy Jackson*, as if he isn't the most unpredictable person Apollo's met in at least a thousand years.

"Apollo?" Percy asks, hesitant, his voice small. He grips the steering wheel, hard, then lets go of it and moves his seat back to create more space. Then, he pats his thighs, looking intensely at Percy. His eyes widen. "Uh, what—"

"Don't play coy," Apollo snaps at him. Percy swallows. "Get on my lap."

Percy opens and closes his mouth, and Apollo raises a challenging eyebrow at him; it's all it takes for Percy to lick his lips and scoot over, straddling him, settling over him and looking so, so pink because of it.

Apollo grips his hips and pulls him flush to him, a thrill going through his veins when he feels Percy is already half-hard, when he hears that little exhale of breath, hot and overwhelmed.

“Now, baby,” Apollo says, leaning in until their lips brush. He runs his hands up and down Percy's thighs, squeezing, and watches him shiver with a smirk. “Do you want to start over?”

Percy nods, fast enough that Apollo's confident he must be dizzy. “Yeah, please.”

“Okay,” Apollo nods, and slides his hands under Percy's shirt. He feels the goosebumps rising on his skin and coos, licking his lips before shooting him a smile. “Hi, Perseus. How are you holding up?”

“I—” Percy starts, and Apollo reaches up and flicks a nipple, cutting off his words. Percy arches his back into his touch, but Apollo just takes his hands away, letting them rest on his thighs again. Percy swallows. “I... I'm good. I'm excellent even. Uh, how... how about you? Looking... to do something fun? Maybe me?”

“You're a clever thing, aren't you?” And here, Apollo moves his hands to grab at the hem of Percy's jeans, popping the button. Percy whimpers. “Tell me, Perseus, will you let me fuck you?”

“Yes,” Percy breathes out, leaning in to try and catch his lips. Apollo lets him, taking control of the kiss instantly, and then he presses his hand against Percy's dick and chuckles as he breaks away to throw his head back and let out a loud moan, high-pitched and needy. “Oh, gods, Apollo, please, yeah, yeah touch me, please, I'll be good.”

“How tempting,” Apollo mumbles, leaning in to catch his lips again; Percy's hips rock into his hand and he takes pity on him, deciding to dive his hand under his underwear and hold his cock in his fist. Percy lets out

another moan, louder than the last, and quickens his pace. Apollo lets out a disappointed sound and takes his hand away. “Who gave you permission to hump my hand? Are you that much of a slut?”

Percy licks his lips and nods eagerly, still rocking his hips, trying to get any friction. “Yes, yes, your slut, yeah, please, Apollo—”

Apollo tuts. “You’re a greedy little brat, aren’t you? If I fed you cock you’d still feel empty, because I bet that ass was made for taking cock, wasn’t it?”

“Ah,” Percy moans, closing his eyes, gripping tightly at Apollo’s hair. “Yeah, it was, whatever you want, wanna cum, please, Daddy, I’ll be good.”

Apollo sees red. His voice comes out rough and low. “What did you just call me?”

Percy lifts his head, from where he was watching his dick desperately rub against his shirt, looking like a deer caught in the headlights. He seems hesitant and even scared.

“I...” Percy licks his lips, slowing down his humping. Gods, he’s like a bitch in heat. “I called you Daddy. Is that... okay?”

Apollo wants to scream. He’s so angry at himself. He really looked at Percy in this oversized hoodie with those pouty lips and tricked himself into thinking he was anything but a filthy cockslut. His feelings must reflect on the surface because Percy’s eyes widen, just a little bit, and he shivers, leaning in to try and kiss him.

Apollo shoots up a hand and grabs him by the neck, pushing him back. He needs some space to work. Percy makes a sound somewhere between a whine and a whimper, as Apollo uses his other hand to grab his dick. He presses his thumb against his slit with a light touch, teasing, barely there. Percy’s mouth drops open and a groan pours from his lips, hands coming up to hold onto Apollo’s wrist, his hand around his neck.

“Oh, baby boy,” Apollo coos at him, squeezing his dick once; Percy rocks his hips into his fist, and Apollo lets him, but only because there’s barely

any movement there since Percy is too fixated on staring at him, on the hand holding his neck. “You have no idea how okay that is, do you? What that’s gonna get you?”

Percy licks his lips, whining. “Please, please, Daddy, harder.”

Oh, gods. Apollo’s fingers twitch over the skin of Percy’s neck, but he needs to make sure. “Harder, what? If you won’t speak properly you might as well not speak at all.”

“Choke me harder,” Percy’s lip wobbles; Apollo feels his own skin getting a little too hot as he sees tears forming in Percy’s eyes, desperate and needy. Percy’s voice ascends a whole octave as he moans and whines again. “*Please*, Daddy, choke me, you’re so hot, your hands are so big, I love your fingers, gods, want them in me—”

Apollo squeezes his neck to cut off his air supply, and leans in to catch his mouth in a kiss, biting at his lip. Percy makes a choked off sound and tries to kiss back, the movement of his hips getting more erratic. Apollo takes pity on him and actually pumps his dick, only to get rewarded by a full-body twitch from Percy as he cums.

Holy. Fuck.

“I barely touched you,” Apollo breathes out, genuinely shocked; he doesn’t think he’s ever been with someone this sensitive or responsive. He helps Percy through his orgasm as he lets out all these tiny, choked sounds, not caring about his cum covering his hand and shirt. It’s—gods. “Fuck, you’re gonna feel perfect, aren’t you? You’re going to suck my cock into your ass like that’s all you were ever born to do, won’t you?”

Percy whines and nods, shivering. Apollo lets go of his neck to let him speak, and electricity zaps through him as he watches Percy take a huge, gulping breath in. But then he turns those green eyes on him, focused, wide and shiny with moisture, his lips pressing into a pout, and Apollo fears he might have bit off a little bit more than what he was ready to chew tonight.

“Daddy,” Percy starts, running his hands up and down his chest, leaning in to take a whiff of his cologne and moaning, low and long, the sound wrapping around his ears like he’s trying to fuck Aphrodite instead. Holy shit. “Daddy, wanna sit on your cock. Bet you’re so big, wanna feel you for days, wanna have your babies—”

Apollo almost chokes on his own spit, but he manages not to and licks his lips, grabbing Percy’s wrists and grunting at him. “Close your eyes.”

Percy blinks, but doesn’t question him. “Okay, Daddy.”

The second his eyes slip shut, Apollo flashes them out of the car and into Percy’s tiny studio apartment that he’s not supposed to know the address to. He gives him no chance to orient himself; Apollo throws Percy on his bed and watches him bounce, already taking his shirt off and undoing his belt while he kneels over him.

“What—” Percy looks around, and Apollo can hear his heart racing, which sends a sense of urgency through him. He presses his hand down on Percy’s chest to make him look up at him, and hums as he watches him swallow. “My bed?”

Apollo raises an eyebrow. “If you want me to take you to *my* bed, you have to pass the introductory course first.”

Percy’s eyes narrow, just so. “Is that a challenge, Daddy?”

Well, not exactly, but now it definitely is. “Maybe.”

In retaliation, all Percy does is spread his legs and flutter his eyelashes, throwing his head back just enough to bare his neck, which is as much of an attack as any, really. Apollo gives in to the silent invitation and runs his fingers over the base of Percy’s neck all the way up to his chin, tracing his jaw briefly before pressing his fingers against his lips.

Percy’s lips part open and his tongue darts out, but Apollo doesn’t let him play for too long, drawing back to wrap his hand around his neck again.

Percy freezes up in expectation, staring up at him with eyes that are *begging him*, but Apollo doesn't squeeze yet.

Instead, he snaps his fingers for the theatricality of it, and makes Percy's clothes disappear, leaving his own pants on. Something about it must be successfully attractive because Percy seems to melt against the mattress, spreading his knees a little more, letting out words that are almost all breath and little sound.

"Apollo, Daddy," Percy reaches out for him, scooting down on the bed so he can wrap his legs around his waist and pull him in, surprisingly shameless about suddenly finding himself naked under his gaze. His hands cling to the hem of his jeans, and Apollo raises a single eyebrow, not giving in. "Daddy, *please*, I'll be so good. Want you to finger me open, want your mouth on me, want you split me open—"

Apollo leans over him, resting his hands on each side of his head to look down at him. "How long have you been dreaming about this, baby?"

Percy blushes and licks his lips; Apollo stares at them. He wants to bite them red. "I, uh, a while? Just... you look so good. All the time. I had so many dreams, Daddy. I was still fourteen when the first one came."

That shouldn't be hot, but it is. Gods, to think Percy's been dreaming of his dick for almost a decade now; this is *brilliant*. He leans down and kisses him, slow and gentle, letting their lips drag chaste and easy only to then bite down on Percy's bottom lip, suck it into his mouth. It earns him a moan and the tightening of Percy's legs around him, and the mood shifts in intensity, from urgency to building heat, desperation, need.

"I want you just like this," Apollo whispers, trailing his lips down Percy's neck, sucking a hickey into his collarbone. He runs his hands over the skin of his chest and watches how his hair stands on end, all those goosebumps and shivers. When he circles a nipple, Percy arches his back and bares his neck even further, pushing himself off the bed and right into his hands. "Yeah, baby, you're so, so pretty. Can't wait to see what you look like cumming on my cock. You'd love that, right?"

“Yes,” Percy hisses, grabbing his hair, pulling him in, smashing their lips together again. This kiss is different; it reeks of Percy’s desire and honestly drives Apollo breathless. “Gods, yes, you can take me, Daddy, as many times as you want, use me up.”

Apollo exhales a shaky breath, because holy shit. “Open your mouth.”

Percy sucks his fingers into his mouth like he’d rather be sucking on his dick and it’s close to the most beautifully erotic thing Apollo’s ever seen. He bobs his head, hollows his cheeks, lets saliva drip from the corner of his mouth and moans like it’s all he’s ever wanted. By the time Apollo deems his fingers wet-enough, he’s actively sweating like he’s probably never done before out of sheer desire. And he wonders about the repercussions that Percy’s inherent erotic behavior might have on unsuspecting mortals, virgins, or just about anyone that isn’t used to fucking Aphrodite.

Now, the *real* most beautifully erotic thing he’s seen in his four-thousands years of existence is Percy scooting back up the bed and fully spreading his legs, bringing his knees up to his shoulders in a show of flexibility that makes Apollo’s dick twitch, to bare himself, that pretty little pink hole staring at him like a challenge.

“Daddy,” Percy calls, biting his lip so hard the skin turns white, and then, under his very eyes, it breaks, and a little bit of blood starts to pour out. Apollo feels like he’s having an aneurysm. “Please?”

Apollo’s hand actually shakes as he brings his fingers against Percy’s hole, teasingly pressing in with three of them. It twitches under his touch and Apollo almost pinches himself because the sound Percy makes along with it hits him like a truck and he’s not confident he isn’t somehow dreaming.

“I can take it,” Percy says, and Apollo snaps his eyes up to his face, watching him lick the blood off his lips, watching him tear up again. His mouth drops open. “I can, please, just go in, don’t care if it hurts—”

“You’ll take what I give you,” Apollo snaps, finally getting over his shock, stretching Percy’s hole with just one finger. He pushes it in harder and faster than he should but if Percy likes a little pain with his pleasure then he can

have it, he'll *gladly* give it to him. Percy's back arches and he lets out a moan loud enough to rattle his brain; holy shit. "Fuck, you're such a whore, aren't you?"

"Only for you, gods, I—I usually make them work harder for this," Percy lets out, chest heaving. Apollo deems him ready enough and adds another finger, watching the arch of his back with his mouth dry. "Oh, gods, I—how long are your fingers?"

Apollo snorts and moves closer, picking a better, different angle. "You tell me."

He twists his wrist and fucks his fingers right up against Percy's prostate. His initial words process and if hearing Percy call him Daddy had him seeing red, the implication that he's laid here, on his back, exactly like this before with someone else has him seeing green.

"How much harder did you make them work?" Apollo asks, though it's more of a demand. Percy swallows and visibly struggles to focus his eyes on him, little moans leaving him under his breath as Apollo uses a little more strength than he should on a mortal—perhaps even on a demigod. He pushes the third finger in, and Percy's whole body twitches, his mouth gaping open. "*Perseus*, if you don't tell me, I will stop.

That gets his attention. Percy looks at him, licking his lips. "I—uh, *ah*, fuck, fuck you're so rough, so good—"

"Focus," Apollo barks the word out, and stops thrusting his fingers just to rub them against his prostate. "*Tell me*. What did you have them do?"

Percy hiccups, clenching around his fingers. "I... gods, eat me out and fuck me from behind, if they—*ah!* If... if they were lucky."

Apollo raises an eyebrow. "And if they weren't?"

"I sucked their dicks and made them leave," Percy shivers from head to toe, and Apollo can practically *smell* the growing orgasm on him. He leans over and licks at his skin, savoring his sweat, biting a hickey around a nipple.

“Then I—fuck, uh, gods, I, I sat on a toy and, sometimes, I thought—I thought of you.”

Fuck. “Good boy, Percy. Thank you for telling me. Here’s your reward.”

Abusing his godly being, Apollo decides to go a little too fast and a little too hard.

Percy screams, loud enough he doesn’t doubt his neighbors think he’s getting murdered, and he doesn’t stop until his whole body locks up, his eyes rolling back, and he cums for the second time tonight. Apollo doesn’t give him a break; instantly, he’s grabbing his thighs and pulling him down, lowering his pants as Percy’s legs shake, spread around his waist. He only gives his cock a couple jerks before he’s pressing in.

“*Oh my gods!*” Percy rushes out, and Apollo decides he must be made, tailored specifically for him, because Percy reaches down and holds his own ass open, easing the way for him as he throws his head back and moans. “Holy shit, oh my gods, you’re so hot, warm, fuck, Apollo, Apollo —”

Apollo grunts, and keeps pushing in and in and in. Percy is not getting a break from him. “I thought I was Daddy.”

“Yeah, you are, Daddy, *gods*—” Percy gasps as he reaches the halfway point, his body tensing up as a whole; for an expectant second, Apollo stares at his half-hard dick, resting and leaking precum all over his belly, waiting for an orgasm. It doesn’t come, but Percy moans like he’s desperate for one already. He keeps going in. “Holy *shit*, oh my gods, how big are you?”

“You’ll find out,” Apollo chuckles, and pulls out a little before pushing in further. Percy’s hands reach out and grab his hair, pulling him down. They crash into a kiss and it’s all teeth and tongue, too messy to be called that, to be honest, but perfect. Apollo sinks his teeth into Percy’s lip with the goal of drawing blood and he gets it, warm copper against his tongue coaxing him to go faster, until he bottoms out and all he can feel and think about is the crimson heat of Percy’s ass, tight around him. “Fuck, baby, you feel so

good, you take me so well, I'm going to leave your hole ruined for anyone else, you hear me?"

"Yeah," Percy nods dumbly, his gaze unfocused, his grip on his hair tightening. When he doesn't move, Percy whines. "Daddy? Please move, please, you're gonna feel so good, I want it, fill me up with your cum, I need it—"

Apollo pulls back a generous amount and pushes in with a drop of his godly strength, so hard the bed creaks and Percy's mouth falls open in a silent scream, all his air leaving his lungs in a rush. He repeats this several times, until Percy starts singing for him, desperate, needy moans and whimpers leaving his lips. When he starts sliding up the bed because of the roughness of his thrusts, Apollo grabs his wrists in one hand and holds them down against the bed.

His other hand finds a home around Percy's neck, and no more words are exchanged as they make eye contact; it's the most intense sex he's had in centuries and he can't believe he almost screwed it up. It still makes him angry, and he figures, well—he didn't, and the best way to get rid of anger is to let it out, and Percy's hole seems all too willing to take the brunt of it.

He squeezes Percy's neck and starts fucking into him harder. Percy's wrists twist in his grip but his eyes are rolling up, his hips are meeting his every movement, and his sounds don't lie. He's truly taking it like Apollo's been his lover for decades and loving it, yet it's quite obviously his first time experiencing it. The contrast is breathtaking.

When he figures that it was hard enough to bruise, Apollo releases his neck, but leaves his hand lying there, so he won't forget about it. Percy gasps, and his voice comes out absolutely wrecked, like every word hurts but he needs to say them.

"Oh, gods, Daddy," he says, tears fully falling from his eyes. Apollo leans over and licks them, humming, and the change in angle, he knows, is divine, because Percy's voice raises in volume and his body starts coiling again. "Yes! Oh my gods, fuck, yeah, yeah, Apollo, I'm gonna cum, please, Daddy, holy shit, so good—"

Apollo slides his hand down his body to jerk him off, letting him finish, but Percy arches his back and goes off all by himself, without him moving a finger.

“Holy shit,” Apollo lets out, his own rhythm getting a little more erratic, less calculated. He’ll be close soon. “Fuck, you’re perfect.”

A part of him is, admittedly, a little disappointed it was that easy. The rest of him just feels like fucking him for ten hours straight, and then another ten for good measure. He starts to pull out, figuring he’d like to see what that mouth can do, but Percy makes a wild sound and before Apollo can even process what it means, Percy’s breaking from his hold, pushing him onto his back and straddling him.

Forget everything he said before, ever. The most beautifully erotic thing he’s ever seen in his life is Percy Jackson, still shaking from an earth-shattering orgasm, sinking on his cock and throwing his head back with an almost desperate moan.

Apollo sets his hands on his hips and helps him bounce. “Oh, baby, think you can go all night? Been wanting to find someone with this amount of stamina for ages.”

Percy meets his eyes, and it’s almost like the green is smoldering. He throws him a sharp smile, and Apollo has never been more obsessed in his life. “Try to keep up with me.”

The final tally is twelve for Percy and seven for Apollo.

He considers it a victory.

Author's Note:

also btw ashilrak and i have a perpollo discord server!

<https://discord.gg/T7gZ39uwJG>

come join the cult :)